Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſterous, and it prickes like thorne.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legges.
Rom. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenſeleſſe ruſhes with their heeles,
For I am proverb'd with a graunſire phraſe,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're ſo faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or ſave you reverence love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. That's not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay,
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement ſits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. In bed aſleepe while they doe dreame things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and ſhee comes in ſhape no bigger than an Agat ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noſes as they lye aſleep, her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legges, the cover

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